

THE KLONDIKE CRAZE.



THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.
(FOR EXHIBITION PURPOSES)

NO DECEPTION.
"What this country needs is a high standard of honesty in politics," said the theorist.
"That's exactly what I have always contended," replied Mr. Ward Winker.
"But it is insinuated that you yourself distributed some checks at a convention."
"I did," was the proud reply.
"And, what's more, every one of them was as good as gold for its face value at the bank."—Washington Star.

HANDICAPPED.
"Did you hear about poor Frost getting both legs cut off by a trolley car?"
"Yes. It will be a great drawback to him in the poker games too. He can't tell now when his feet are cold."—Cincinnati Enquirer.



THE KLONDIKE POCKET FLASK.

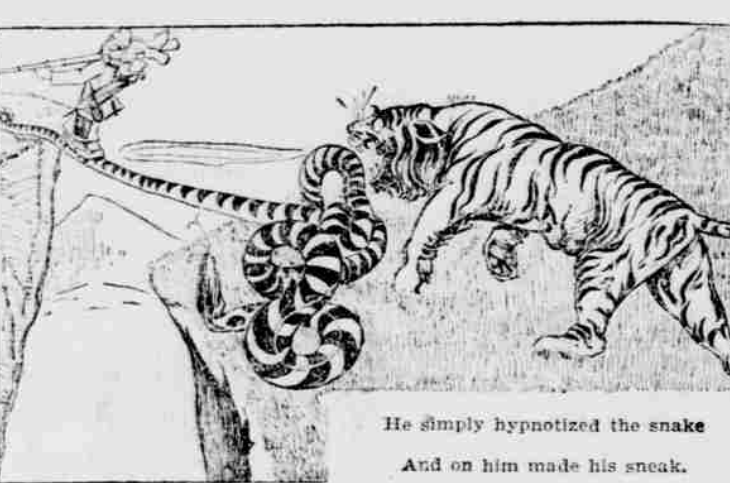
RECIPROCITY.
Steve Crane's gone to England—Shook his friends—alack!
Harding Davis follows suit,
But—Kipling's coming back!
We'll let a round, red dozen
Of homestead authors slip
And give 'em all to England
If England gives us Kipling!
—Atlanta Constitution.

WHO CAN BLAME THEM?
"Those St. Louis people are making a great fuss over that one pound baby that was born there the other day."
"They have a right to. It counts just as much in the census as if it weighed a ton."—Chicago Tribune.

THE PROFESSOR'S PERIL.



CHO' BEAST AND BEA MADE HIM SHAKE,
HE DID NOT FAINT NOR SHRIEK—



HE SIMPLY HYPNOTIZED THE SNAKE
AND ON HIM MADE HIS SNAKE.

GOOD CITIZENS.
An old Georgia negro, meeting his former master, was asked about his family. "Well, suh," he replied, "some is railroadin, some is 'spat-in' on spandin, some is in office en some in de chain gang, but mos' er dem is good citizens en got wives ter work fer 'em."—Atlanta Constitution.

HEARD IN A CAR.
Brownie—We have a larger standing army than any nation on earth.
Townie—How do you make that out?
Brownie—We have more atroc cars.—New York Journal.

FINANCIAL DRAIN.
"Flitz Scaddis expects hard times this winter."
"For what reason?"
"His daughter came home from Europe engaged to a duke."—Chicago Record.

ADVICE TO THE TENDERFOOT.



If you're going into this Klondike, take considerably more than one year's supplies.
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

JOVIAL JESTERS.

THE GOLDEN DAYS.



METROPOLITAN INTEREST IN KLONDIKE

THE LAW'S DELAY.
Comment was made recently on the case of the Alabama negro who had had six trials for killing his wife, the trials extending over a period of six years. Some time since a Georgia negro who had been in jail a long time without trial dispatched this letter to his attorney:
"Mr. Jones, I know dis is de summer time, en dat my judge en jury mus' be gone fishin, or maybe dey had a death in dey family, en ain't out er mo'nin yit. Ef so, I don't want ter hurry 'em, kase fishin won't wait, en death mus' be respected, but do, ef you please, sub, when dey gits home en in good health, tell 'em dat I ain't dead yit en not ter forget me when dey's settin up in court en passin sentence, kase I heah one er my wives is dyin en de vuther's laid up wid de rheumatism, while heah I is."—Atlanta Constitution.



THE KLONDIKE COMPANY CAPITALIZED AT \$1,000,000,000.00.

REMEMBER THIS.
When woman gets to boasting
That she knows just when to speak
You may bet it down as certain
That's exactly where she's weak.
—Chicago Record.

HIS BAD BREAK.
He (quoting)—What are the wild waves saying, sister?
She—Oh, Mr. Jones, I am so glad that you regard our relationship in that light too!—New York Journal.



THE KLONDIKE SPECIAL EDITION.
ONE PAPER A LOAD.

FOREIGN ART.
Penelope—I intend to come home from Europe with a greatly improved complexion.
Marie—But remember you have to pay duty on foreign paintings.—New York Journal.

HE HAD NOTICED IT.
He—I dislike to see a woman standing up in a street car.
She—Yes, I've noticed you manage to get a newspaper in front of you at such times.—Yonkers Statesman.

COMPLETED HIS COURSE.
Mr. Newarrival—Well, my little man, as you have been here all summer I suppose you are quite a fisherman by this time.
Johnny—You bet I am. Why, you just ought to hear me lie.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Golfer and The Hornets Nest.



—New York Times.

THE WISE PORTER.
Host—Why did you give that man the most expensive rooms in the house? Do you know if he has the means to pay?
Porter—Of course I do. Would that pretty young woman have married such an ugly old fellow if he wasn't rich as Croesus?—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

HIS SCHEME.
Squidling—I say, McSwilligen, lend me \$50, will you?
McSwilligen—You owe me \$25 now, don't you know?
"That is one reason why I wish to borrow \$50."
"How so?"
"Then I can pay you back in your own coin."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

JUVENILE ANALYSIS.
"I asked little Jimmy the difference between inertia and momentum."
"Did he know anything about it?"
"Yes," he said "inertia is something that won't start, and momentum is something that won't stop."—Detroit Free Press.

RECIPROCITY OF SENTIMENT.
He—Whenever I see an old sweetheart I rejoice at my escape in not marrying her.
She—No doubt she feels the same way.—Chicago Record.

A CONJUGIAL FAILURE.
"That bigamist claims to have been a kind husband, doesn't he?"
"Yes, but only three of his 11 wives had wheels."—Chicago Record.

FUN ON A WHEEL.
"Well, Golightly, did you have any fun wearing a red light on your wheel?"
"Yes. About 15 men thought I was a drug store and chased me ten blocks."—Detroit Free Press.



WHY THE MEN DON'T MARRY.

—New York Herald.

FORCEFUL IMPRESSION.
"What sort of impression did Clara's young man make on you?"
"When I first met him!"
"Well, he was scorching, with his head down, and the impression he made upon me was a bruise I didn't get over for a week."—Chicago Tribune.

A SPOTLESS RECORD.
"Of course," said the lady who is given to sarcasm, "you are the only black sheep in a highly respectable family."
"I ain't nothin of the kind," retorted Perry Patentin. "I'm the only decent one in the litter. I got a brother right now that's workin in a soap factory."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE UNEARNED INCREMENT.
Abel Mark—You say you have grown rich on hens?
Fuller Water—Yes, sir.
Abel Mark—How many do you keep?
Fuller Water—Keep hens? What do you take me for? I run a poultry paper.—New York Sunday World.

THE DAYS OF '97.



THE KLONDIKE POCKET KNIFE.



THE KLONDIKE COMBINED FOLDING BED AND NIGHT SUIT.

—New York Journal.

THERE ARE OTHERS.
My business friends poke fun at me
And wink as I pass by,
While gamins grin with ghoulish glee
As if I were a guy.
The people seem to take me for
A dime museum freak,
And everywhere in anguish sore
The cause I vainly seek.
The reason why they wag their jaws
I can't tell 'pon my life,
Unless perhaps it is because
I dress to please my wife.
—Tom Chrystal in New York Journal.

SWEETIE'S LITTLE FELLER.
Sweetie's little feller—
Everybody knows!
Dunno what ter call him,
But he mighty like a roose.
Lookin at his mammy
Wid eyes so shiny blue,
Make you think dat heaven
Is comin clost ter you.
When he's dar a-sleepin
In his little place,
Think I see de angels
Lookin through de lace.
When de dark is fallin—
When de shades creep,
Dey dey comes on tiptoe,
Ter kiss him in his sleep.
Sweetie's little feller—
Everybody knows!
Dunno what ter call him,
But he mighty like a roose.
—Frank L. Stanton in Chicago Times-Herald.



PARSON: "Where can I find your father, Georgie?"
Georgie: "He's in the pigpen. Yer'll know him 'cos he's got a hat on."
—Sketch.

NIGHT IN THE KLONDIKE REGION.
"This is a pretty time of night to get home."
"No, m' dear, 'tisn't so very late. It's only February six by th' dining room calendar."
"Is that all? I thought it was at least the 29th. Well, don't stand there all night. Go to bed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AN EXPLANATION.
Judge—When you were arrested, you confessed that you were m' r, and now you plead not guilty and ask for a trial by jury.
Criminal—I know all that. This is just a little surprise I'm springing on this honorable court.—New York Sunday World.

WHEN LOVE IS BLIND.
We met in town. With mingling gait
She passed, nor looked behind,
Which proved to me, at any rate,
That summer love is blind.
—New York Journal.

HE TOOK HER ALONG.
"I'm goin ter them Klondike gold-fields, Molly," he said, "but I can't take you with me, kase they don't 'low women out thar; they'd be too much in de way."
"Can't help it, John," was the reply. "Ef you go, I go, and that settles it."
"Why, Molly?"
"Don't talk ter me! Ef I wasn't thar, you'd die o' homesickness in a week. Jest think o' you givin ter bed on a snow bank with your peckles full o' gold an no woman ter git up in de night an go through 'em! You couldn't stand it, John. It'd be too much ter you."—Atlanta Constitution.

SPREAD EAGLE ORATORY.
"I have all the world before me!" shouted the young politician who was addressing an audience in the northeastern part of the Seventh ward.
"Yes," shouted an enthusiastic listener, "and Turkey at your back!"—Yonkers Statesman.

THE RETURN OF THE OYSTER.



THE PRESBYTERIAN OYSTER RETURN TO MEET HIS ENGAGEMENTS IN THE CHURCH FESTIVAL STEW.

THE DUCK OYSTER INQUIRING HIS WAY TO DELMONICO'S
—New York Journal.